

WORTH WHILE.

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song;
But the man worth while is the one who will smile

IN MEMORY OF MARTHA.

You may talk about banjo-playing if you will,
but unless you heard old Ben in his palmy days
you have no idea what genius can do with five strings stretched over the sheepskin.

Next to his banjo, Ben loved Martha,
and next to Ben, Martha loved Martha.
In a time and a region where frequent changes of partners were common,

One day Martha was taken sick,
and Ben came home to find her moaning with pain,
but dragging about trying to get his supper.

"I'll send the doctor right down, Ben,"
said his master. "I don't reckon on anything serious.
I wish you would come up to the house tonight with your banjo.

"I don't know 'bout j'inin' in, but you go 'long an' play anyhow.
Eh! I feel lak journeyin' wid you I fin' you somewhat on de road."

The banjo began to sing, and when the hymn was half through Martha's voice,
not so strong and full as usual, but trembling with a new pathos, joined in and went on to the end.

It gave him an aching pleasure at his heart to see how hung on his music.
It seemed to have become her very life.
He would play for no one else now, and his little space before his door held his audience of white and black children no more.

Her eyes were closed, and there was a smile on her face—a smile that Ben knew was not of earth.
He called her but she did not answer.
He put his hand upon her head, but she lay very still, and then he knelt and buried his head in the bedclothes,

On many evenings after Martha had been laid away,
the children, seeing Ben come and sit beside his cabin door,
would gather around, waiting, and hoping that the banjo would be brought out,
but they were always doomed to disappointment.

As soon as it became known that the master wanted to hear the old banjo again,
every negro on the plantation was urging the old man to play in order to say that his persuasion had given the master pleasure.

It was several months after this that a party of young people came from the North to visit the young master, Robert Curtis.
It was on the second evening of their stay that young Eldridge said: "Look here, Mr. Curtis, my father visited your plantation years ago, and he told me of a wonderful banjoist you had, and said if I ever came here to be sure to hear him if he was alive.

William Blaine, a freight engine fireman,
running on the Western Maryland Railway,
was leaning out of the cab window of his engine last Saturday night,
when his train met a freight train coming towards him.

At the Keystone mine 600 men wait increased pay,
reduced topping and fair docking.
At the Exeter, West Pittston, they desire more pay and a revision of the docking system.

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"Well, I don't know," said Robert, "but come with me and I'll try."
The young people took their way to the cabin, where old Ben occupied his accustomed place before the door.

The old man sat dazed as the instrument was thrust into his hands.
He looked pitifully into the faces about him, but they were all expectancy.
Then his fingers wandered to the neck and he tuned the old banjo.

A horrible murder was committed in Washington, D. C. Sunday, in the northern section of the city.
The murderer was Benjamin H. Snell, a special examiner in the pension office, a man about forty-five years of age.

Loud shrieks and curses rent the air.
Wail for the women and children mingled with the hoarse shouts of the men.
People went mad with fear; back in the crowd still safe upon the wharf men struck out right and left, fighting their way from the terrible sight.

Over Three Thousand Miners on a Strike.
Many Men Already Out in the Anthracite Regions and Others are Likely to Follow—Various Grievances are Being Alred by the Men.

There are 3,500 miners on strike now throughout the anthracite region,
and more are likely to go out at any time.
At present the strikers are from several mines and the men at each mine are striking for individual reasons, but they are all closely allied.

At the hotel where the injured and half-drowned had been carried fifteen doctors attended to the wounded.
Guests of the hotel gave up all their rooms.
Of those rescued only one is likely to die.
He is George S. Southard, of Bangor.

Miss Bessie DeLaney, of Homestead,
contracts blood poisoning and died in Kittanning.
A small pimples was responsible for the death of Miss Bessie DeLaney, of Homestead.
She expired at the home of friends in Kittanning, Pa., Saturday.

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Slip at Mt. Desert Ferry, at Bar Harbor, Me., which connects the Maine Central railroad with Bar Harbor,
when filled with a great crowd of excursionists on Sunday,
the 6th, broke suddenly and precipitated over 200 people into the deep water below the pier head.

The arrival of the big warships of the North Atlantic squadron caused the gathering of the crowd.
A dozen excursions brought great crowds from the interior and upcountry districts.
The total of persons who came reached close to 5,000.

The terminus of the Maine Central is the Mount Desert Ferry, and a line of steamboats connect with Bar Harbor, distant about eight miles.
When the train which was the first of four excursions over this road reached the wharf it was learned that the Sappho, the largest of the steamers which had been delegated to carry the people to Bar Harbor, could accommodate about one-third of the entire number.

The crowd had become dense and in a few moments the slip which runs down at an angle of about 25 degrees held over two hundred people.
Behind them were several hundred more pushing and crowding.
With no warning there was a loud report, and the next instant those who gained the Sappho turned to see the long slip part in the middle and the struggling hundreds fighting and clawing with one another disappear into the water about the piles.

Several Women Saved.
Dr. Frank Whitcomb saved several women and A. I. Greenough swam to the assistance of more than a dozen people who he succeeded in saving.
He was last to leave the water.
During the excitement of this rescue, the bodies of several women were prevented from casting themselves into the water.

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Thirty-Six Dead.
Terrible Trolley Accident Near Bridgeport, Conn.—Car Went Off the Trestle.—It is Supposed There Were Forty Persons on Board.—Indicator Spirited Away.

Nearly forty persons were killed by an accident on the Stratford extension of the Shelton street railway company at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon when a loaded trolley car went off the trestle over Peck's mill pond at Oroquoque, about six miles north of Bridgeport, Conn., and sank in the flats forty feet below.
Thus far thirty-six people are known to be dead and several more injured.

The scene of the accident is midway between Shelton and Bridgeport.
The car was north bound, running toward Shelton.
It was in charge of Conductor John Carroll of Bridgeport, who was among the killed, and Motorman Hamilton, of Bridgeport, who escaped by jumping.

The accident was witnessed by Miss Francis Peck, who resides about 400 feet from the bridge.
She was upstairs at her home as the car was passing, and she says that the car was running at an unusually fast rate.
Frank Cramer, who was bathing near the bridge, stated that the passengers were all singing and in the most joyful mood as they passed him.

The road, which is practically controlled by the Bridgeport Traction company, was opened for traffic last Thursday.
Nearly the entire medical force of Bridgeport responded to telephone calls sent in, but when the doctors arrived they were unable to render much assistance, so few passengers escaped instant death.
The car, after up-ending, soon settled over on its side and there was little difficulty in removing the bodies of the dead as well as assisting the wounded.

Motorman Hamilton is suffering from a severe shock that it was impossible to learn anything from him.
President Andrew Radell, of the railway company, stated that it was impossible for him to account for the accident.
Immediately after his arrival at the scene he made a thorough inspection of the tracks on the trestle and could see nothing wrong, and cars were running over the trestle as usual afterwards.
He denied that the cars were running at a high rate of speed and claimed that every possible precaution had been taken to prevent accident.

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Jealous Husband Kills Wife and Himself.
A teamster named John Schlenberg, of Cleveland, O., shot his wife four times Saturday, at the Woodland hotel, and then sent a bullet through his heart.

At the meeting of the trustees of the hospital of the insane, the death of Joseph Naline, an inmate of the Westport insane asylum from Philadelphia, was reported.
Naline died on July 21st of consumption.

In 1885, while a raving lunatic, he set fire to the Philadelphia county almshouse, and in the destruction twenty-one people met death.

Surrounded by a crowd of several hundred persons William Waldorf Astor was buried in effigy Friday night in Langreave square, New York.
Dr. Seldon Crowe, an elderly physician, being the prime mover in the affair, Dr. Crowe has been much interested in the reports of Mr. Astor's declaration of allegiance to Queen Victoria, and the more he read the more indignant he grew.

A family named Murray took up their residence very near that of Chief Justice Marshall.
Both Mr. and Mrs. Murray had labored industriously but unsuccessfully to gain an entrance to the inner circle of the more exclusive set in society.

It is a long-established fact in toxicology that certain drugs that are harmless when taken regularly into the system in small quantities have deadly consequences when their use suddenly is discontinued.
When, for instance, a person has been addicted for a long period to the practice of arsenic eating, the sudden and complete deprivation of the drug will cause death from arsenical poisoning.

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